LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PRICE FIVE CENTS. CHICAGO, AUGUST 30, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906]. WHOLE NO. 1073

THE COMSTOCKIAN RENAISSANCE.

In our study of New York art we have now come to its culminating point—the early part of the twentieth century. Looking backward as we do, down the centuries, we are apt to confuse the three great periods of artistic activity in the blurred perspective of the past. We must bear in mind that more than a thousand years intervened between the classic age of Greece and Rome and the Italian Renaissance. Again, between the birth of Michelangelo and that of Anthony Comstock nearly 400 years intervened. Each of these great men, it might be said, began his labors at the dawn of a new century, the former with the sixteenth, the latter with the twentieth. But between the two we find a difference. In Buonarotti the Italian Renaissance reached its culmination, and after him came a long period of decadence. Comstock marked the beginning of the Manhattan Renaissance. Preceding him was no slow revival of artistic activity, of patient study of the classic form and method, combining with religious inspiration to create a new conception of the Beautiful, finding its perfect expression in the brushes of Correggio, Titian, Raphael, and a host of others. Comstock was a Revolution. Preceding him was a long period of destruction and decadence, not of creation and advance. Arising in a night, waving the flaming torch of Modesty, he founded a new school, the Pant-theistic. Tradition was swept away. Himself no master of the brush or chisel, he brought to the artist who had been working in slavish imitation of bygone standards of the Beautiful a new ideal, a nobler conception of Art and its purpose.

Rafferty's Famous Fresco in the Charley Murphy Palace. It is the closing scene, illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche, and shows the flight of the engaged pair into the clouds.

The Greek sought with his chisel to imbue the cold marble with life and soul; in the human form, created in the image of the divine, he found his ideal of beauty and worked with almost religious fervor to adorn his cities with his marvelous but unclothed figures. Today we shudder when we think what must have been the streets of Athens, and a walk through the Roman Forum would have been a nightmare to our modern cultured mind. We forgive the ancients because they were pagans and the light of reason burned very dimly. We cannot but marvel when we consider that after a lapse of 2,000 years, as late as the twentieth century, these pagan figures were shown publicly in their original form in the galleries of Europe and the stock exchanges of America. And this with a people whom we learn from ancient prints never allowed themselves to appear even partially unclothed except on formal occasions, such as dinners, dances and operas!

The Apollo Belvedere New Jersey. Ascribed to Phidias until it was found that the palm-leaf fan was peculiar to the sculpture of the Comstockian period.

Moreover, to a certain extent they boasted themselves a Christian people. Their artists, blind to light of reason and progress, were still groping in pagan darkness, slavishly following the methods of bygone centuries. Working thus, they were working to their own ruin, cultivating a back lot when the whole world lay open to them. Pant-theism they did not dream of. But Comstock arose. Like a breath of pure, fresh air from the Jersey meadows, he came. The artistic world was aroused to the canker worm that was eating at its very heart. The public conscience was awakened. Men who had looked upon Michelangelo's "David" unblinkingly now turned from it blushing. The reform was far reaching. The "Venus de Milo" was removed to a cellar of the Louvre, and a gigantic Rogers group was put in its place.

Comstock! The very word has become a synonym of sweetness and light.

McClusky's Masterpiece, Susanna at the Bath. The tints of the porcelain tub are still fresh and perfect. As a painter of tubs he had no peer.

Now, it is not in the province of this paper to deal with dates and facts pertaining to the work of this great critic of art, interesting though they are, particularly in view of the new light recently thrown on them by the excavations on the site of the ancient Yorkville Police Court. Rather it is our purpose to speak critically of the effect of Anthony and the work of his followers, that the student of the Comstockian Renaissance may come to a true appreciation of the debt humanity owes him. He taught indirectly. To use a phrase of the day, he put down the lid on paganism. To find expression, the artist of the time had to seek new fields. Unable longer to study the beauty of limbs and flesh tints, he came to an appreciation of the lines of a well fitting sleeve or the expression of coattails, and sought to copy perfectly the tints of a porcelain bathtub. Clothes became his ideal. Hence the term Pant-theism, which is now applied to the school. Clothes he found in endless variety, and his imagination had fuller swing and to his genius was offered a far wider range of artistic

The Colossal Runner, now in Van Cortlandt Park. It is ascribed to St. Gaudens and celebrates the victory of a member of the Yale Athletic School over a Harvard rival. The ankles are daringly shown.

achievement than on the monotonous drawing of classic arms and legs.

As an illustration we point to the superb frescoes on the walls of the Charley Murphy palace on Fifth avenue, which have been recently restored. They are by Rafferty, one of the most famous of the Comstock school, and are still bright and fresh. They illustrate the story of Cupid and Psyche, and in beauty of conception and execution far surpass the work of Raphael in the same line in Farnese villa in Rome, which has long been closed except to physicians. The tints of Psyche's shirtwaists are perfect. We can almost feel the nap on Cupid's derby hat. As we move around the great hall, going from panel to panel, we are almost overwhelmed by the power of this great artist in drawing and coloring clothes of every kind. In the first panel (on the right of the entrance) we see Cupid dressed for evening in a long fur coat and opera hat, about to ring the front doorbell of the home of Psyche's parents. In the next we see her sitting with her mother, clad in khaki outing suit of marvelous brown, thinking of her fiancé. And so we go from panel to panel till we come to that masterpiece of painting, that apotheosis of the Beautiful, the last panel, showing "The Flight of the Engaged Pair Into the Clouds." Our reproduction of this last panel gives a fairly adequate idea of its beauty.

As a painter of clothes Rafferty had no superior in the twentieth century. His wonderful imagery had full swing in the checks and stripes of the times, and we find all his canvases crowded with brilliantly clad figures. Had he been born fifty years earlier his genius would have been stunted by the conventions which would have been imposed upon him by the indelicate conception of the Beautiful then in vogue. We shudder to think of it. What, too, would his compatriot, the divine and spirituelle McClusky, have been with his genius dwarfed in like fashion? We should have lost those superb bathtubs which are now the pride of our great galleries.

Patrick McClusky was born in the latter part of the nineteenth century and began life as a policeman; but, having early shown a predilection for art, he attended the Art Students' League school on his days off. It was by a fortunate circumstance that he was driven to abandon the studies then in vogue in that ancient institution and to turn his genius to new fields. He it was who discovered the beauty of a bathtub, the graceful sweep of its lines, the delicate tints of its metallic surface. We find him in 1907 exhibiting his famous "Susanna at the Bath," a work which was hailed with such applause by not only the critics but by the police and public that he at once laid down the billy and took up the brush. For twenty years he painted bathtubs assiduously, until on an untimely automobile ride he departed this life in the full flower of his fame. His loss to Art was immeasurable, though hundreds of his bathtubs are still extant. Had he been spared he would doubtless have developed them in form and tint to a perfection still more marvelous. To comprehend our meaning you have only to study his world-famed "Susanna," which hangs today in the one finished nave of the Cathedral on Morningside Park. It is true that the window has been badly restored, but the coloring of the porcelain tub and the tiled floor is today as clean and fresh as when the inspired brush laid the pigments. Look, too, at his "Susanna." Did a pagan brush ever show her more beautiful, even though we do see less of her? "For centuries poets and philosophers have puzzled over that inscrutable smile," says Baedeker's Guide Book to Central Manhattan. Inscrutable? To our view the mind of the artist was to express perfect contentment. We divine at once that the day is the hottest August 5 in the record of the local weather bureau. Looking upon this modest masterpiece, and comparing it with some of the bathtub and soap canvases recovered from the ancient subway, evidently the works of masters of an earlier period, we can comprehend still more fully the debt we owe to the colossal critic whose raid wrought the change.

To a later paper we must leave the study of the works of the other masters of the twentieth century. The two named stand preeminent in power and execution. Yet in naïve simplicity McClusky has a worthy rival in August Himmelbacher, and Rafferty's imagery is hardly less rich than that of Henderson J. Pipp. In the originality of his bathrobe designs Erastus Johnson is without a peer, and none could crease trousers so perfectly as the strong and virile Thomas Jones. But, leaving them for a moment, we must turn to the Comstockian influence in sculpture.

Of the statues existing in the pagan period our sense of delicacy allows only to speak in case of necessity. We mention the once famous Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican simply to compare it with the Apollo Belvedere New Jersey, which was unearthed on the line of the Lackawanna road and now adorns St. Patrick's Cathedral. At the first discovery of this masterpiece of marble it was thought to be a work of Phidias. Later savants ascribed it to Michelangelo, but in the light of our recently acquired knowledge of the Renaissance we cannot ascribe it to other than either Macmonnies or St. Gaudens. As to which of the two, critics differ. It is now definitely known that the palm-leaf fan in sculpture was an accessory of the Comstockian era. It is not found in any works of an earlier period. Again, the marble itself is not real, but the figure is carved from the imitation stone which was so freely used in the sumptuous hotels of the Renaissance. These facts alone fix it as a work of the twentieth century. Would that we could settle as easily the mooted question of its creator! In its pose it is a Macmonnies; in its modesty a St. Gaudens.

As to the master to whom we owe the heroic statue of a sprinter which rises in Van Cortlandt Park, there can be no doubt. It is a St. Gaudens. Badly restored as the left leg is, we recognize at once the splendid sweeping movement of the runner's gown. The same is seen in the only other known work of the sculptor now in existence, the figure of Victory running ahead of Admiral Sherman, a marine symphony in bronze which has recently been appropriately removed from Central Park to the Battery wall. In the "Apollo Belvedere New Jersey" we have repose—beautiful; somber, lifelike. The cold marble seems infused with soul. We look to the mouth to open and utter some philosophic thought. In the Titanic runner we have action, physical beauty, the man perfectly developed in the great Yale athletic school. He is almost crossing the tape ahead of a Harvard rival, and we can see the strained tendons of the ankles daringly shown and almost hear his rapid breathing as he makes his final leap to victory in the 100-yard dash. Similar power of representing muscular action in marble is found in William Mulligan's "Hercules in Jumpers," where the right arm is boldly bared to the shoulder. But the student of art wishing to study this masterpiece in proper detail had best refer to our recent volume, "The Revival of Delicacy in the Twentieth Century."—*New York Sun.*

EXCLUSIVENESS IN LOVE.

DRYDEN, Mich., July 25, 1906.

Dear Helen: Your two letters reached me safely, the last one finding me in Detroit, the "City Beautiful," as it is called. I enjoyed both your letters and the article from LUCIFER, and that article unintentionally got into my trunk and I am sorry I cannot send it to you till I return to the Windy City, where my belongings are. It impressed me as being written by a thoughtful, sensible woman. If I remember rightly, she brought up the thought that the idea of one's yielding to all desires was erroneous. Certainly one should know the "whenness" and "whyness" of the actions that make for happiness and well-being—and to be sure it is not always best to satisfy desires, even the desire for celibacy included!

Will this old question ever be settled? The problem of what is best for all—what sexual relationship is the best and only and evolutionary one? I have ceased to be interested in it as a national question. Let me but find the way for myself—find the conditions under which I can grow, and know the reasons for such wisdom as I have gathered in the past—and I will not ask any one to follow the same plan, tread the same footpath. And I do not want a formula or creed to live by. Let the churches have that. When we get to a state where we want to set up one standard for all, be that standard a monogamic, exclusive one or a plural relationship, we might as well all take to wearing the same-sized shoe. You will have one lover or a dozen in your life—not because you believe in a certain course, but because your temperament, your needs, your surroundings, determine what course you will pursue. If you had been brought up in the jungles of Old Mexico, lived in a tent or in the open air for years—had as little knowledge or love of the conventional home as I, for instance, have—what a difference there would be in your views! But you are a rebel, anyway, just as I am, and our contention is, I believe, over what I believe to be a useless speculation—that is, the marriage of the future—you holding up the monogamic as an ideal; I holding that an exclusive relationship is not only impractical and improbable, but damnably selfish and unprogressive. I mean exclusiveness as a lifelong course.

You ask me if I am a free-lover—crossed out and varietist substituted. I don't like the term varietist. I don't call myself by that name. Does anyone imagine that one is deliberately seeking a number of friends or lovers simply for the sake of *variety*, like a vaudeville show? True comradeship in the search for knowledge laughs at that, for it is infinitely greater. Love is great as a means to intellectual growth, as a unifying factor, and as one of the

DIVISION OF ACCESSIONS
JUN 21 1943

agents of social evolution; but beyond all this, and greater still, Love is a supreme attainment in itself.

I am not much concerned about what people will do several generations from now. I believe it to be as uncertain a proposition to say that people will all pair off in twos, with "no trespassing allowed," as it is to predict that wives will be owned in common. Let us find out what condition supplies our own individual needs, and let industrialism do the rest.

What is feasible today? Exclusiveness in love is not practicable today, because we don't have it. The facts stare us in the face: people don't take to it. Men and women chafe under the restraints of the you-and-me-and-no-more relation, and break away from it as often as they can or dare. Men are not in general "loyal" to their wives. Women, being less courageous and having children, are more "loyal" because they have to be. Men act on the principle of "what folks don't know don't hurt 'em," and enjoy the bliss of kisses on the side; and their poor, innocent wives are—perhaps finding the ecstasy of life from some other source at the same time.

Exclusiveness at best can be only an ideal—beautifully selfish, like the Christian's heaven, which excludes a large share of the human race from eternal bliss. The following reasons prevent the realization of the exclusive ideal: Inexperience, ignorance of youth, the constantly changing ideas of what constitutes a true and desirable mate, the mental limitations of the beloved, physical deficiencies, death itself, education, a keenly appreciative, sympathetic mind—all make a debarring or exclusive love difficult or impossible to maintain. An exclusive love is like a bright ray of light, intense but narrow, and when that one beam fades all is darkness and gloom. But a love that goes out to many, stopping neither at self nor one more, is like the eternal sunshine which sheds light and happiness forever. Never regret having loved. Be sorry if you must for anything but that. The days when you hated, blamed, condemned, you will recall with sorrow; but give a shout of joy, let your heart exult for every precious moment when you gave love freely!

And what of the starving hearts, the despondent ones, in your selfish love-scheme? Shall you or I become so bound up in our own monogamic happiness as to lose sight of the happiness of a sister or brother who may be just as worthy, just as deserving of a great affection as we two are? Shall we deliberately blind ourselves to the fact that here is another great soul that needs our love? You might say love him or her within certain limits. But if you are impelled by your instinct of sympathy and love to *really* love, what then?

Every good thing becomes destructive when carried to extremes. There is a limit to the number of people we can love. With the average intelligent man or woman the number is very small. I know of few instances where a sympathetic man or woman, with a bright mind and love of the beautiful, was willing to be contented and happy with one only. Let us bear in mind that love is not like potatoes, which, when divided up, leave an empty basket. Love increases only by giving.

A word about sex. The result of the long degradation of sex as unholy, unclean, was a movement following the opposite extreme, and then we were told to regard sex as holy, sacred, to be regarded in a worshipful manner. I prefer to think of sex matters as only *natural*, neither higher nor lower than other functions.

Young people are not monogamically inclined, and, of course, it should not be thrust upon them or anyone. The tendency toward exclusiveness is greater in people of fixed, conservative ideas and stolid habits. It is not any more to one's credit to be exclusive than it is to be non-exclusive. Either condition may be desirable and honorable. Few exclusivists live exclusive lives—none are exclusive in thought.

People are cruelly selfish, and nowhere is this selfishness more manifest than in love matters. Can't we get away from it at least a little and be able to say: If this man or woman's companionship and love is a great, helpful blessing to *me*, why should I want to exclusively possess it—why monopolize it? Why should I deny that blessing to some other human being who may be more worthy than I? When we learn to say that and feel it, when we cease struggling to possess love for ourselves, then will that estrangement, coldness, and blame and hate that come with the discovery that another is taking a part in our love-drama, all disappear. A part of the lesson Love teaches is to forego love, as well as to keep for one's own.

Most sincerely, GLADYS V. LAMB.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—*Milton.*

THE CRIME OF KNOWLEDGE OF SEX.

The three subjects of paramount importance to man are health, social organization and sex. These three fields have been the most neglected. Health is despised until it is lost, when fortunes are spent in not regaining it. Social organization is turned over to ghouls. The sex of the race is placed in charge of Anthony Comstock. I do not know of anything to parallel the folly of the American people in these particulars. To please industrial ghouls they will eat poisonous adulterations and putrid canned flesh, and die. It does not enter their minds to hang the men who poison them. To please a man who is wanting in the qualifications of intelligence they will allow scores of thousands of their children to suffer injury and ruin annually from sex ignorance. Comstock as a Czar of Morals is as grotesque a travesty as the microscopic Czar of Russia.

For high-minded protest against this destruction of American youth and corruption of American adults, Moses Harman, at the age of 76, is jailed like a common felon, for one year. I am surprised that this has not aroused such anger in the people as to drive Comstock, Comstockism, and related agencies, from the country. He pursues his way, bullying all liberal-minded persons, insulting women, laying down canons of art with clothes on, and defiling American health and morals at his sweet will.

In the Boston Symphony Hall there are large figures of nude men, wholly nude, and women and girls mingle with men and boys at the concerts. In the perverted light of the Comstockian mind these objects are obscene and ought to be mutilated or removed. It is a curious thing that this owner of American sex has not bullied Boston into veiling them.

Comstock has become an irresponsible monomaniac on the theme of obscenity, conjuring it up everywhere that he looks, out of the creative expectancy of his own sexified brain. How far is this from possession of the thing that he attacks?

His society should be abolished, and in its room a national league duly authorized should be established, to lift the American people out of their sexual ignorance. The main cause of "obscenity" is secrecy. Both can be dispelled by familiarizing children very early with the human figure of both sexes and instructing them in the nature and purpose of the sexual organs *before puberty*—that is, before their own sexual instincts arrive in force.

In spite of science, in spite of civilization, we are in the Dark Ages regarding sex. *All* children will go wrong in the sex realm unless they are taught with high intelligence how to go right. *Not one* can or will go right by instinct. For if they avoid one pitfall they will sink into another. But how many receive *any* teaching? And certainly none as yet receive intelligent teaching. This sexual ignorance causes infinite misery; it spoils, perverts or scars countless lives; and yet if anybody attempts to break the spell of infamous silence and let in the light of investigation, if he reasons about sexual and marital relations, he is put in jail and martyred! We are surely in a black African jungle. An ignorant quack is made the St. Peter of the vast sexual domain, and antics about the land suppressing all enlightenment. To him the keys of American sex are given, and he is made its pope.

Where are the doctors? I do not wonder that mountains of contempt are accumulating to fall on the medical profession for its criminal indifference to this sex theme. Had they not better wake up? Next thing Comstock, in his arrogance, will be cleansing and suppressing the medical journals that are so impure as to mention sex. What right have doctors to send out such masses of obscenity through the United States mails? What right has any one to harbor such contaminating information in his home? If his wife and children should get hold of it they would learn the terrible truth that Nature made sex.

Yet this night of shame cannot continue much longer. I would like to see the friends of sexual enlightenment and a higher relation of the sexes organize to uphold and spread their principles, and to combat assaults on the indisputable rights of free discussion. Had there been a strong national society Moses Harman could not have been imprisoned. Such wrongs are only done when they are unresisted. It is time for steps to be taken to prevent their repetition, which can only be done by aggressive organization.

It would be well also if a testimonial were prepared affirming the principles of sexual freedom and signed by all who adhere to these principles, to be presented to Mr. Harman as a mark of honor when he shall have endured to the full the punishment of a government worthy of Nero. MORRISON I. SWIFT.

The care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity.—

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THE PIONEER ADVOCATE OF EUGENICS IN AMERICA.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY AT 500 FULTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
TELEPHONE: ASHLAND 1727.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:
E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 143D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1.00	Three months	25 cents
Six months	50 cents	Single copies	5 cents

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Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.*

KNOWLEDGE THE ONLY SAVIOR.

Within the scope of authentic history, or of history commonly accepted as more or less reliable, several nations or aggregations of people have been conspicuous for the influence, the power, they have exerted over other nations and tribes of people inhabiting the planet Earth.

Prominent among the leading tribes, nations, or great families of people, may be named the Arabians, the Greeks, the Latins, or Romans, and, later on, the Saxons, or Anglo-Saxons.

Arabia is a peninsula in western Asia—an arid, comparatively unproductive and uninviting section of the earth's surface, with a hot and enervating climate, never densely populated, like India and China; and yet the Arabians have preserved their autonomy, their independence of outside powers, to a remarkable degree, and have exerted an influence over the rest of mankind second to that of no other people.

Not so much by their prowess in war—although this prowess has shone conspicuous in more than one great war—as by their psychic or psychologic force, the influence of their religious cults, have the Arabians been the leaders and conquerors of a large part of the human race.

Among the earlier Arabian chiefs, sheiks, or heads of families of semi-historic times was Abram, or Abraham, currently believed to have been the patriarch or chief founder of the tribe, clan, or nation called the Hebrews, more commonly called Jews (from Juda, the head of a sub-tribe); also called Israelites, from Israel, one of the names of Jacob, the reputed grandson of Abraham. The chief characteristics of this Arabian tribe or sub-tribe, through all the historic and semi-historic ages, have been clannishness, exclusiveness, vaingloriousness, bigotry, intolerance, aggressiveness, and acquisitiveness or narrow selfishness. That there have been many noble individual exceptions to this generalization is freely conceded, but exceptions do not disprove the rule.

Abraham and his tribe, or family, adopted a monotheistic cult or form of worship, in opposition to the polytheisms then prevalent among the surrounding peoples, and, in accord with their own leading characteristics, arrogated to themselves the title of "God's peculiar people." They claimed that the creator of the universe had selected them out of all the inhabitants of the planet as his special favorites, to whom he would directly reveal himself, and to none others; but that through them "all the families of the earth would be blessed."

If we are to believe their own account of themselves, these Hebrews began their mission of "blessing" mankind by the most relentless and wholesale human butcheries of which history or mythology gives any account. And later on they describe themselves as killing each other in their own family feuds with a ferocity and vindictiveness seldom if ever equaled by any other people. And through all, and largely as the cause of all their wars with each other and with other nations, has been conspicuous the monotheistic cult, and the bigotry and intolerance with which they regarded and treated all polytheistic beliefs.

A prominent and necessary feature or factor in this arrogantly exclusive and intolerant cult was the monopoly of religious knowledge, and largely of all knowledge, by a privileged class called the priesthood. In order to hold the common people, the common masses, together and give them the strength of cohesiveness it was seen to be necessary to keep them in awe of their leaders, and for this purpose there was and is nothing to compare with a belief that these leaders are the special depositaries of "divine" or superhuman knowledge. The masses of people, the laity, were therefore taught to look to the priests, and the priests to the "high priests," as the custodians and dispensers of all knowledge. None but the high priest was allowed to approach the "Holy of Holies," the sacred "Shekinah," in the inner temple. Any attempt by others to penetrate or lift the veil that concealed these awful treasures of knowledge meant instant death to the sacrilegious investigator, by the hand of Jehovah himself.

The name even of him who dwelt in this "Sanctum Sanctorum" was not to be uttered by the common herd. To guard against such profanation the sacred name was made as unpronounceable as possible—not a single consonant sound, all vowels, viz: *i-e-o-u-a!* the nearest approach to the articulate pronunciation of which is "Jehovah."

In process of time two conspicuous attempts have been made to reform or amend the monotheistic cult of this old-time Arabian tribe, variously called Hebrews, Israelites and Jews. The first of these took place nineteen hundred years ago, the reformers calling themselves "Christians," from the surname of him they consider the chief apostle and first martyr of the reformed mode of life or cult. So far as can be gathered from the very contradictory and semi-mythical records regarding the life and death of "Jesus the Christ"—so called because his followers claimed that he was the "Messiah," the *anointed* one that was expected by the Jews—so far as can be learned from these records, the man Jesus did not set himself up as the founder of a new religious sect. He was a devout believer in the creed of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, and of Moses and other Hebrew patriarchs and prophets, and simply desired to bring back his Jewish brethren to a more consistent practice of the old cult.

But the Jews, with few exceptions, rejected Jesus as their promised Messiah, and at their suggestion the Roman governor executed him as a malefactor, or disturber of the peace. Using the tragic death and alleged resurrection of their leader as the central thought or fact of their propaganda, and magnifying the deeds of beneficence attributed to him—including healing of the sick, the lame, the blind,—similar to the facts of mesmerism and psychology common at the present day,—the followers of the dead reformer succeeded in starting what was substantially a new religious sect; a sect that grew slowly at first, partly because of the poverty, illiteracy and obscurity of its apostles and defenders, but chiefly because of the bigotry, intolerance and aggressiveness it had inherited from its Jewish parent and prototype, and because of the opposition and persecution it encountered on account of such intolerance and aggressiveness.

When Christianity first appeared as a reformed Judaism the Roman empire controlled and embraced most of the then known world. In religious matters the Roman government had always been tolerant and hospitable. It was never the policy of pagan Rome to interfere with the religious beliefs, rites or observances of its conquered provinces. In the Pantheon at Rome—the Temple of All the Gods—an image or shrine was erected for the worship of the tutelary deity of every nation or tribe that came under the political dominion of the Romans. All that was required or expected

by the government in matters religious was that each sect should treat all other sects with civility and respect.

But this very reasonable requirement was soon violated by the sect calling themselves Christian. Equality of rights and privileges is a principle wholly foreign to the Christian system, as such. "No other name given under heaven by which ye can be saved but the name of Jesus." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Hence, denunciation of all other religions, aggressiveness, or attempts at proselyting were prominent characteristics of Christians from the earliest period of their history, and when at length the Emperor Constantine adopted Christianity as the state religion—because none other would offer forgiveness to his murder-stained soul—then the adherents of the new faith showed to the full extent their characteristic narrowness, their bigotry of belief, their intolerance of rival creeds, and their determination to suppress all learning, all science and art, that they believed inimical to the universal rule of the Christian church.

And from that day to the present, monopoly of knowledge by the priesthood, denial of the right of independent thought or investigation, persecution of freethinkers, and suppression of speech and of press, whenever and wherever speech and press antagonized the rule of the church—such has been the uniform and consistent policy of the reformed Judaism commonly called Christianity.

And now, after a trial of some sixteen hundred years of repression of knowledge and suppression of speech and of free investigation, by the church, and by the civil power controlled by the church, is it not fair and right that this repressive policy and its authors should be held to account and judged by their fruits?

A tree is known by its fruits. Has the world, the so-called Christian world, been redeemed from vice, crime, poverty and misery by the church and by its monopoly of knowledge and by its suppression of knowledge? The answer to such questions is seen and read of all men in the reports of the daily press, in the sad eyes, hollow cheeks and half-starved features of thousands we meet daily on the streets. And still more emphatic is the answer seen in the *congenital abortions*—mental, physical and psychic—met with on every hand.

Is it not time, is it not fair and reasonable that we now give the opposite policy a trial? Is it not time to demand that knowledge take the place of ignorance in *all* things, and especially in the most important of all human relations, the relations based upon the differentiation called sex?—since it is in and upon these relations that life and character are given to each human being.

To put the question a little more pointedly: Is it not time that a nation calling itself *free* should throw off the shackles of medieval despotism known as the "inquisition," whereby the expression of honest thought is made a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment?

Let thought and speech and press be free. Let knowledge assert itself as man's true savior. Truth and right have nothing to fear as long as speech and press and thought are left free to grapple with error and wrong.—*Moses Harman, in* LUCIFER, *June 5, 1896.*

LUCIFER'S SUSTAINING FUND.

E. J. Sayre, 50c; E. Z. Ernst, 50c; A. G. Lengberg, $1; F. E. Lothringer, $5; Col. James Freeman, $2; Philip Skora, $1; F. Frommel, 1; F. H. Bergman, $3; A. I. Trask, 36c; C. F. Ciampa, $1; J. W. Griggs, $10; T. J. Tanner, 50c; Walter Breen, $2; A. McDonald, $1; George Brayton, 25c; Dr. J. N. Lee, $1; W. F. Jamieson, 50c; Maggie Dimmick, $2; T. F. Meade, $1; Annie Lillian Swett, $1; William D. Denton, $2; R. Winsford Denton, $1; L. N. Schmidt, $1; A. Corlin, $2; T. V. Powderly, $1; E. W. Chamberlain, $20; S. O. Bishop, $5; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mathews, $1; H. H. Cady, $4.20; M. B., $10; M. A. Cohn, $2; W. P. Murray, $1; Risden Stewart-Asbury, $1; Paul L. Sautter, $1; Henry Bool, $10; David Glick, $1; F. J. Stiles, 50c; Ella Kautz, $2; Virginie D. Hyde-Vogl, 50c; Elizabeth Breese, $5; E. D. Wileman, $1; Alida M. Snow, $1; H. Henn, $5; J. H. Kallmyer, $4; Ria B. Bruce, $1; Alice Archer Little, $1.50; Mattie Day Haworth, $2; Jeanne Yersin, $1; Oscar Rotter, $1; Henry Coletti, 50c; C. B. Hoffman, $1; F. E. Palmer, $4; H. Celler, $1; Mary Everett, $1; A. Saperstein, $1.50; J. G. Hunter, $5.

The man who fears to go his way alone,
But follows where the greater number tread,
Should hasten to his rest beneath a stone;
The great majority of men are dead.
—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

Today Moses Harman is 75 years 10 months and 18 days old. He has served 171 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., August 19, 1906.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—. . . Here we are having it pretty warm just now—up to 90 in the hospital for several days, and until late at night. Today (Sunday) it stands at 85½ at 10 a. m.; but a fairly good breeze prevents a feeling of oppression. I have not suffered from heat thus far, and am gradually gaining in health and strength, as I think. How soon the managers will put me to work I have no means of knowing.

For some days I have been trying to write my "last will and testament." Whether this document when finished will be read with interest by my surviving friends I can only guess. Not much "worldly gear" to give and bequeath to anyone, as you well know; perhaps none at all when my debts are paid; yet, "nevertheless and notwithstanding" my poverty, I felt a desire to put into condensed form a few of my matured ideas or convictions in regard to ethical questions and to "give and bequeath" them to such of my surviving

friends as might care to read them—when the power of utterance by voice or pen shall no longer be mine.

Since my letter two weeks ago I have had one visitor, son George, of Valley Falls, Kan., who brought me fruit and papers. Am glad to report the receipt of several magazines for which I have been asking, such as July *Soundview*, July *Physical Culture*, July *Stuffed Club*, July and June *Ariel*, August *Open Court*, July *Phrenological Journal*, also August 11th and 18th *Scientific American*. From a fellow prisoner I have the July *Cosmopolitan*. Please send me August number of that magazine. I also received July and August *Tomorrow*. If you can send me April *Tomorrow* and April *Physical Culture*, as well as September numbers of same, I would be glad. Have received three copies of *Progressive Thinker* and would be glad to get it regularly every week. Tell James F. Morton, Jr., that I got one copy of his "Curse of Race Prejudice;" that two, if not three, of his letters (before the one received a few days ago) were certainly given to me. Among *delayed* letters and cards lately forwarded to me is one written at Detroit, Mich., May 21, and signed by Emma Goldman, Carl Nold and Alex. Bergman; also a long letter, inclosing several cards, from Joshua T. Small, Provincetown, Mass., dated May 28. Judging from dates of these and some others, I think it probable that several have been lost altogether. From W. G. Markland I received a photo lately, and a letter composed almost wholly of *dashes!* From foreign countries lately have come letters and cards from D. Legelke, Germany, I think (postoffice illegible); B. Morita, Tokyo, Japan, and six cards from George and Louie Bedborough, London, England. From Eliza MacLoghlin, Southport, England, came a finely executed and very interesting autograph copy of a book by her deceased husband, Dr. McLoghlin, which volume I will try to speak of more at length later. Also a good letter from T. Gilbert Taylor, South Waudin, Australia. Besides these mentioned I have received letters or cards in the last two weeks as follows: Fannie M. Taylor, 1; Dr. Juliet H. Severance, 1; Emma Abbey, 1; La Verne Wheeler, 2; Philip G. Peabody, 3; "Frank," 1; Harriet B. S. E. Shehan, 1; Allie Lindsay Lynch, 1; J. Hartley, 1; Mattie B. Coy, 1; Hypolite Havel, 1; Emma Greene, 1; Paul L. Sautter, 1; Dr. James R. Price, 1; Ed Secrest, 1; Lucinda B. Chandler, 1; George L. Ballou, 2; Jennie Vose Durst, 1; T. J. Tanner, 1; J. E. Boultenhouse, 2; G. B. Wheeler (and clippings), 1; Dr. Oscar Rotter, 1; Ada Morley, 1; Katharine S. Fry, 1; Ed. W. Chamberlain, 1; O. Dietzen (editor *Breeze*, Kansas City, Mo.), 1; Thirza Rathbun, 1; H. W. Boozer (and clippings), 1; Annie E. Parkhurst, 2; Andrew G. Luyberg, 1.

Mrs. H. M. Lawson, Williams Bay, Wis., asks for the paper three months (care Y. M. C. A. Camp). Write to John W. Hohmann, 516 Eighth avenue, Las Vegas, N. M., and send paper. Tell friends *no visitors allowed on Sundays*.

Add to names of "veteran freethinkers" (for Sercombe's list), if not already done, Susan Reicherter, aged 80, I think; John Ernst, 85; Dr. Robert Greer, 82; Dr. Mark Rowe and wife, about 70, I think; and others that may occur to you.

Love to all. Yours, M. H.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE JAPANESE WOMAN.

The original of this story, told in letter form, was written in the Japanese by Sho Fukao, a native radical writer who is now suffering in Tokio jail for his dear cause, and I have taken the privilege of translating it into English by the author's permission. The story tells of the spiritual struggle of the Japanese woman of today. No picture can better illustrate the battle of ideas of the new and the old going on in the minds of the Japanese sisters than the story I have translated here. "Free-love" in Japanese means to love and marry without the consent of parents, who always arranged such matters. KIICHI KANEKO.

My Dear Sister: There are a thousand unfortunate women in this world, I know. But is there, I ask you, any woman who is so unfortunate as myself, tortured with the contradictions of the age and carrying the heavy burden of the many on my shoulders?

I am left alone helplessly in this wide, desert-like world. I feel that I have no will of my own, that I belong to somebody else, am property—and, oh! I feel many times that it would be better for me to end this worthless life, which will be, after all, a dreadful, miserable and hopeless one as long as I live.

Dear sister! Pardon me to call you "my sister," for I have no one else that I can call "my sister." If I did not have you whom I call my sister in this lonely world I would wish not to have lived. It is my wish that I could talk with you in person and confess all that I have done in the past and ask you for advice. But I am afraid that, if I see you, I may not be able to explain as fully as I can in a letter. Sister, as I depend on whatever you would say on my part, I hope you will not neglect an answer. I do not know how to start my story. My heart is heavy and too annoying. But I must tell you—I have no more sense of honor—I must confess everything now to you.

It was last Christmas eve, when you and Miss A. were invited to a card party at Professor Hamada's, where I was doing some household service for my board. There, you may still remember, sat a young man right next to you in the party. He is not a handsome man, as you may see, but that man was the son of Professor Hamada. When I first went to his house to live with them a year before the last he was only eighteen—two years my junior—and was an innocent boy. He was really a nice, good-natured boy.

Well, until this time I thought and believed that men were all egotistic, selfish and immoral creatures. They demand women to be pure, virtuous, faithful to men, but they themselves are lacking in all these qualities. I found, however, that I was wrong after I came to live with them. This young son of my professor was indeed a refined young boy. So sympathetic and so light-hearted and so manly in his every-day life! If there is any model man he must be the one, I thought. At this very moment, my dear sister, I was captured by something—the something that I cannot understand to this day. From that moment my heart began to act toward this man blindly, and I could not control myself even though I tried to do so over and over again. I felt ashamed to see him every day—yet through something we came to understand each other. And, sister, I and he became to be sweetheart and lover. We were enjoying ourselves in the term that you may call "free-love," stealing his parents' very eyes—for that is what he is.

You will think that I am a bad girl—such a bad girl—to invite the young man's passion in spite of being his senior, and to spoil the young man and ruin his whole life. I do not know myself how I became such a bad girl and what made me so wicked. Oh, illicit association! What shameful words they are! Why did not God save me from such dreadful sin? What shall I do now? What shall I do now? I have defiled the name of my ancestor. If I think of this terrible crime I have committed I do not really know what I shall do.

Sister! I am tired and sickened of this world, as I cannot give him up and he will not forget me. Yet there is no future in our relation. His family is too well-to-do—and I? I am a daughter of a poor samurai. His parents will not allow him to marry a poor girl like me. It is beyond expectation for him or for me altogether. Moreover, dear sister, I was told that his parents are thinking of his future wife and she is already in view among their close relatives.

It was only a few weeks ago when he told his parents about our case so plainly and boldly, and that very evening they made me leave their house. You may imagine how I felt when I was told by my mistress that I must go! Oh, I cannot tell you what I thought at that moment! I wished I was dead.

The girl he is going to marry—if he obeys his parents' wishes—was engaged from her childhood by their parents, for it was agreed by the parents to let them marry when they become old enough. But he said to me all this time that he would not care for her. He told me that he could not sacrifice the liberty to love for anything, not even for his parents' will. How can I let him do as he wishes? Am I to make him a fukomono—an unloyal child to his parents? I am telling him to marry that engaged girl instead of me, though my heart is nearly breaking.

Alas duty! Alas Ninjo! And position and wealth! Oh, life is too hard for me, my sister! My parents are rather sympathetic to me, and yet they say that we are socially too much separated. Sister, I cannot understand why we are born for parents' sake. I would rather die if I cannot love a man with my own free will, and cannot marry him as I please. Wealth, position, and name! The people talk about too often and think about too much. What are they, after all? Without a true love this world is too lonesome for me. I do not wish to live any more.

Sister, I have one more thing to tell you, but I am ashamed to tell you about it. I am ashamed! . . . Sister, . . . how this hard world will unhesitatingly and cruelly talk about my poor baby as it comes to the world! Five months from now I will be a mother. I must decide what to do in these five months. I shall not cry any more about my misfortune, sister; I was caught by such a fate. It is God's punishment that I was tempted through the poet's dream, "free-love."

Tell me, my dear sister, what to do. What shall I do? I do not

know what I must do but to end my life. I feel so much easier since I confessed you my dreadful past. You will undoubtedly be astonished at this news. You will not regard me as your friend as you did before, I am afraid. It is 3 o'clock in the morning. I wonder what my parents are dreaming about me. My eyes are dry, and my ink is all gone, and the oil in my lamp has about run out. I must stop now. I have got to stop here, for another day is coming for me to cry and cry and cry.

Sayonara! Your broken-hearted sister, SUGIKO.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

JOSHUA T. SMALL, Provincetown, Mass.—Enclosed please find the cash for another year's subscription to LUCIFER. Here's hoping Editor Harman may outlive his jail sentence and that many years of usefulness are still in store for him.

AURIN F. HILL, Boston, Mass.—Enclosed is $1 to extend payment on my subscription for LUCIFER THE LIGHT BEARER. I desire a free press, free speech for myself and everybody. I am glad Moses Harman has found a better prison. He may expose some of the hells made by men in America. I regret the system—made by Americans—that sends good men like Moses Harman to be prisoners.

H. HANSEN, Colorado City, Colo.—*Brother Harman:* I am glad to know that you are still in the land of the living. There was a time when priestcraft ran riot in the world, and after that moral leprosy was shaken off we substituted for it political leprosy, and these political degenerates now seem to run riot in the world, but after while I hope the people will get sense enough to scratch them off their back.

ELLA KAUTZ, Akron, O.—Enclosed find $2 to help sustain LUCIFER. I hope it will "weather the storms." It made me heartsick to learn how shamefully your father had been mistreated at Joliet. I wrote him about the time he was being transferred to Leavenworth, so I suppose the letter went astray or wasn't forwarded. I like your idea of printing editorials from old copies of LUCIFER. Your father's writings are worth reprinting many times.

J. M. GILBERT, Randolph, Tex.—Find enclosed $1 to extend my time on LUCIFER. Would like to do better. I am convinced of the great truth for which LUCIFER's editor has spent long years of toil and suffered such gross injustice in a so-called civilized, free country. When the majority of women learn to take their freedom, then we will have freedom in reality. The powers that be know this; therefore laws and rulings making freedom of discussion a crime.

HJALMAR GISLASON, Louise Bridge, Man.—I enclose postal money order for $2. I would gladly send some more, but circumstances do not enable me to do so at present. The work of your father is surely worth doing, and the cause he is fighting for is worthy of more than I can do for it. I am sorry to hear of his sickness, but hope he will soon recover. My best wishes to you and him. It would be terrible if you were compelled to give up the publishing of LUCIFER, now the bearers of light and knowledge are so few.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Congers, N. Y.—Enclosed find $1 to go on my subscription to LUCIFER, also a few newspaper clippings that were sent to me. Was very glad to hear that your father was feeling better than when he left Joliet. Wrote him a letter some little time ago. Nothing of interest in it. Just wrote to let him know that I thought of him. Lately have read a number of newspaper squibs in reference to Gorky. Wendell Phillips said we were a nation of hypocrites. In that respect we do not seem to have improved since his day.

C. N. and EMMA B. GREENE, Topeka, Kan.—Enclosed find $1 that Mr. Greene wishes used to extend his subscription one year. LUCIFER came yesterday, and it seems your father is still in the hospital. Well! it seems to me they nearly accomplished their purpose of killing the dear old gentleman. I suppose they thought that was the only way to get rid of the touching that will help to free the race. Of course, they do not put it just that way. I trust that the care he is now receiving will so restore him to health that his friends will have the blessing of his presence many years yet. We hope you are bearing up as well as possible. It must be a heavy burden you are bearing, but I am sure it would be a still heavier burden to be loosened from it in the way the officials of our country would wish to free you.

A. SAPERSTEIN, San Francisco.—Enclosed please find money order for $6. Kindly renew my subscription; also send me "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," and "Man and Superman," by G. B. Shaw; the balance for you to use where it is needed most. I hope our dear editor will come back to us from the penitentiary in good health and with clear and forcible arguments to still fight the battles of liberty, defying Comstockery and the postal censors to blow out the Light Bearer of the emancipation of mankind through the right to be born well.

JAMES CRAIG, Peotone, Ill.—A short time since I wrote you for sample, and to see if your paper was still published, and have received two sample copies. I have read three or four of Post's articles on postal affairs with interest; also received from Free Speech League, of New York, the Wakeman article, etc. But the information concerning the Lewis bank affairs at St. Louis is still unsatisfactory. The entire postal question needs to be gone over from the ground up and revolutionized. Pay railroads only what is justly due them; make county papers pay within the county; prohibit franking and follow Post's suggestions on other matters. No discrimination because of advertisements or no advertisements. Let us have service at cost. Abolish postal censorship and despotism.

I. A. HEALD, Washington, D. C.—Enclosed find $2 and two new subscribers, both whole-souled men of generous sympathy in behalf of such as are persecuted and wronged for opinion's sake. Nothwithstanding that after my regular day's work is done I study and labor to perfect my inventions overtime, usually from 10 to 11 o'clock nights—Sundays and holidays alike—yet I should be glad to write an encouraging letter of appreciation to your father if I was sure that it would reach him; but I get so indignant as I think of the wrongs heaped upon him and his paper by government officials that I almost doubt my ability to restrain my indignation sufficiently to write a letter without reënforcing it with "cuss words" which the prison officials would not allow to reach him. However, if it is a comfort and satisfaction for him to know that the knowledge of his treatment, sufferings and wrongs is fast making new friends and sympathizers for himself and the cause he and you advocate, let us all give him that assurance. If he dies in prison, or from the effects of his unjust confinement, I want to be the first to contribute as large a sum in proportion to my ability as any other person to build an appropriate and lasting monument to his memory. If he lives to return to his home, let us take measures to escort him there with a procession at least a mile long.

T. V. POWDERLY, Washington, D. C.—*Friend Harman:* A few years ago when we were struggling for the rights of humanity through the medium of the Knights of Labor we were misunderstood because there were those who did not wish to understand. We were told that the "time is not ripe for these reforms" and counseled to have patience. If you look the field over you will note that some of the most radical things for which we worked are now regarded as "sane and safe," and those who fought them take credit for their inauguration. You are an old man, but I wouldn't wonder if you should live long enough to see other men laying claim to the credit for opening the eyes of mankind to the sacred right of woman to the control of her own person. It won't be long until the uses, and abuses, of every organ of the human structure will be taught in our common schools. To guard against evil one must know it; he can't know it by shutting his eyes when he meets it or by turning a corner to avoid it. Had the children of past generations been properly instructed such revolting details as are given out by the unsuppressed press of the Thaw and other cases would not pollute the eye and mind of children of all ages today. You, at your worst, would guard against these things, and must go to prison for it. Every daily paper that prints the stuff that comes out of New York about the Thaw case does more, in one issue, to poison the youthful mind than all the LUCIFERS you could issue. It may be that you were not salacious enough in your educational work. I don't know whether you are right or not, but if it is right to teach us how to breed good hogs, horses, geese and goats it can't be wrong to tell us

how to improve the stream of humanity flowing into this good world of ours. I notice that some congratulate you on being in prison, on being a martyr to a good cause. I won't do that, for I don't believe it right to imprison a man for having opinions and giving expression to them. I sincerely hope that they will, from now on, treat you with that consideration to which your years and gentle heart are entitled. Herewith find $2. Send me LUCIFER for another year and use the other dollar to defray your expenses in part.

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Photographs of Moses Harman.

The latest photographs of the editor of LUCIFER, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

PERSONAL.—Our readers in Boston and vicinity are invited to correspond with F. J. Stiles, Box 1441, Beverly, Mass., for several years a subscriber to LUCIFER and thoroughly in sympathy with its teachings.

Address, with stamps, the General Secretary of "The World's Brotherhood," Wm. W. Martin, Mobleton, Ga.

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This is a most effective "missionary document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let such not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen. M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

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The British aristocracy has produced some strong and independent souls. Literature and science bear the imprint of their touch. Social reform has also given some of them an opportunity to make a reputation for something which is generally alien to their class—useful work. But it remains for Lady Florence Dixie to redeem the name of the Douglases by literary work which is truly revolutionary in character. Revolution has been in her blood since she could think. Neither the aristocratic environment and traditions nor the efforts of clerical and monarchical influences have succeeded in blunting the keen perception of her mind. And her indomitable spirit has always clung close to the love of truth. Only a truly brave and sincere soul could walk upward without any assistance on the steep and stony path of religious evolution as she has done. She met the dogma of the ruling class with open eyes, and dissected it mercilessly, until she had satisfied herself that it was cold and hollow, and without any redeeming power. No one can read her STORY OF IJAIN without a deep compassion for the lonely child that fought its mental battles so determinedly and found the way through the tangled maze of creed to a purer and more human conception of what religion should be and ought to accomplish. This story should be read by all who wish to answer the questions that arise in the minds of little children on religious subjects, and who wish to take part in the mental evolution of the souls that grow up under their care.—*E. Untermann*, in *"Appeal to Reason."*

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